

THE *Whistle (in)*
123/5. m. 22
+ SOLDIER'S LETTER
TO THE
FEMALE VOLUNTEER:

BEING

An Earnest Request to Hang up the H A T,

AND

Pull off the B R E E C H E S.

WITH

A PERSUASIVE against FALSE APPEARANCES.

*Deceit, beneath Appearance screen'd,
May gain upon the shallow Mind;
But the strict Soldier aims to view
The naked Truth, in native Hue.*



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ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE


DEPT. OF THE ARMY





THE
SOLDIER'S LETTER, &c.

MADAM,

S by appearing in a publick Character, you expose yourself to *publick Censure*, 'tis imagined, you can't be very much discomposed at the Remarks made by a SOLDIER; who, being above the Dictates of Ill-nature, says nothing, meerly from a secret Pleasure he may have in finding fault.

But, as by inlisting yourself, you are become *one of us*: You must expect to be dealt with, with that free and generous Candour we make use of to one another; wherefore I take upon me to let you know, there are very different Conjectures concerning your Behaviour in the Army.

For, in Breeches and a fierce-cock'd Hat, you introduce yourself, saying, *The Gazette lies, --- Our Men not stand*; (no great Compliment to its Authority) but immediately professing yourself to be a Woman, 'tis clear, what you'd be understood to mean, is true, *Women's Men* and not *stand*: Not they, indeed; and then 'tis time, *We Women take the Thing in Hand*. When was the Time you did not? I ask'd all our Regiment, which consists of three Battallions, that Question; and they vowed they knew not. But before you declare, you betray yourself to be a Woman, by placing those Fellows (tho' in open Rebellion) in that despicable Light you do, and calling them,

————— *Scrub Banditti,*
That scarce could fright the Buff-Coats of the City.

Now, allowing those Fellows to be as low as you can express them to be, could not you lose your sarcastick Joke, rather than throw Aspersions upon the good Intensions of those honest Men, the Inhabitants of our Metropolis; especially, as by having put on the Cloath, you had professed your Attachment to the present Happy Establishment, in my humble Opinion, 'twas somewhat out of Character; and considering the critical Effect the Attachment of these Men may have, 'twas no less an ill-timed, than a poor, low Sneer; but neither these Gentlemen, nor the Rebel-Party, concerned my Intention, which is only to put you in mind of the Way, in which you use your Brother-Soldiers.

Some say, that tho' in Male Appearance tenacious of the Female Property (a Forwardness to take a *Thing in Hand*) you put on the Breeches, in order to keep that Hand warm, as knowing that to be the most effectual Way to raise the Spirits of, and put Courage into, Men, that you deemed at least as *bashful*, and thereby make them, strictly and literally speaking, a *Standing Army*.

Others, that you covered your Backside out of Banter ; insinuating, that a seeming Shyness had appeared on the Approach of a *Bare-Britch'd* Enemy: For, say they, she could not have thought, that what the Breeches contain, could have any Influence over an Army of *Britons* ; otherwise, they would have stuck closer to Sir *R--t M--o* (where there were warm Quarters for Men of that Taste) on a late Occasion.

Others, again, more favourably conjecture, your Design was to allure the *Messieurs* with the Rebel Army to join ours, as they are said to give much into the *Italian Goût*, and like a smug-faced Youth exceedingly: This I agreed in, as I can't persuade myself, you would do any thing detrimental to the good Name of your *Fellow-Subjects*.

Some there are, who don't hesitate to say, That 'tis a Hint taken from the *French* Custom of masking those Batteries they situate, so as to be most gauling to the enemy ; but I confess, I am so much averse to Introductions of the *French* Mould, that I would not encourage any of their Productions, and was that your Design, would recommend in its stead, a little *Old English Resolution*, whereby your fair Country-Women have always kept up the Prerogative of conquering every *Thing* that rises up against them ; and by opening a sufficient *Breach* (which I verily believe you can do) induce them to enter ; which, after they have done, you may possibly bring a severe *After-Clap* to bear upon them, which will so disorder them, they won't know how to extricate themselves, being quite Strangers to that Sort of Discipline ; not but they sometimes meet with pretty rough *Handling* in their own Country, being Men much infested with an *Itch* after Women.

Away with *French* Deceits and false Appearances ; come to us in your own natural Dress, and by applauding and gratifying some forward Youth (illustrious for his gallant Behaviour) at his Return, convince us of the Readiness the whole Sex shews to indulge those Men in particular, who go the greatest *Lengths* in their Service ; then shall you raise an Emulation worthy the Intent: Besides, as going to quell an Insurrection the Female Garb is most proper, the Petticoat having always been looked upon to contain a *Power of allaying rebellious Members*.

Don't imagine we'll place the less Confidence in you, on account of your Feminine Aspect: Not in the least; for we look upon Women, as the proper *Receptacle* wherein to repose our *Secrets*.

In this light (if I mistake not) we are ordered to regard Women; but that I should refer to you, whose *Correspondence* with the Clergy has no doubt been *large*, otherwise your Insinuations, to our Prejudice, among the Fair, would not have been so likewise, which may greatly hurt us in that Point, and diminish those Hopes we always entertained, of being in the fairest Way of being happy of any Set of Men whatever, and (as we flattered ourselves) not without just Pretensions.

For *Beauty*, the Reward of Bravery, has in all Ages been the chief Inducement to it among the Soldiery, and next to *Liberty*, (that invaluable Blessing) the Expectation of that Reward has been the principal Cause of our Men's having gone thro' their late Fatigues, not only with Unconcern, but Alacrity; and it would be the Height of Cruelty should they be bereft of their only Means of Recompence. But, since I write to you in your Female Character, I must lay aside the Resentment due to a Male one, and only insist, to affirm to you, on the Word of a Man of my Cloath, That to be happy in the Esteem of the Fair, and only that, is what makes it worth a Soldier's while to conquer and live: Can you then be too sensible, what Wrong you may do us, in making any Impression to our Disadvantage; especially as being looked upon by your whole Sex, a very *competent Judge* of Mankind.

But, as I would choose rather to convince, than barely assert, I'll endeavour by Demonstration to illustrate, that from Circumstances, and Way of Life, a Soldier can show his Abilities to make a good Husband, are not inferiour to those of the Clergy, that *you* so nod, and lick your Lips at; but I won't, after the Example of some of these Reverend Gentlemen, *draw* a Conclusion from my own Assertions, but leave to the Consideration of that Sex it most concerns, to weigh them, and (I'm hopeful) to agree with me in them.

Let us therefore suppose the Lives and necessary Behaviour of a real Divine, and a thoroughly good Soldier.

A well-disposed Gentleman, a *Clergyman*, having laid out Money in a genteel Education, is thereby brought acquainted with what we call *Good Things*, and of Consequence likes them; but his Function enjoying Abstinence from the *Good Things* of this Life, his *Honour* (obliging him to keep up to his Profession) restrains him greatly, least People should imagine he made light of it.

A *Soldier's Honour* is by no means concerned here, he makes no Professions, but of his Affections to the Fair; and 'tis presumed,

fumed, they won't enjoin him Abstinence ; and as for *Luxury*, he can't afford it ; so that he lives on simple vigorous Food.

The Clergyman, who, in his Youth, has perhaps as much Vigour as any Man, but by his way of living, and checking his natural Appetites, turns all his Nourishment into that Channel, where there is most Call for it, is generally found to have the greatest Flow of Juices about his Jaws ; for when he is not employed in that trifling Part of his Time, in eating, drinking, and sleeping, he is in some of the Offices of the Holy Function, where the Jaws are generally concerned ; and the Throat, as being pretty much exposed to cold, by the frequent turning up of the Face towards Heaven in petitioning, is generally defended, as in some (whose Faces will admit of it) with a double Chin ; in others, by a sufficient Pair of Dulaps, as a Fence Nature thinks it necessary to place there ; and this (tho' now naturally accounted for) is, by some ill-natured Folks, construed to be the Effects of a luxurious Life.

The *Soldier*, as he must eat, drink, and sleep when he can enjoy them, must also *march, halt, stand-fast*, and make his Quarters good, wherever he goes ; having therefore Occasion for all *His Members*, does not rob some to enrich others, finding Employment enough for them all. The good Minister is always with his Flock, keeps home strictly, keeps his Family in Order and under Subjection, and the Wife is so limited, that let her Inclinations be ever so pure and chaste, the Restraint she's under must, I should conceive, be very hard to brook. The good Soldier is always with his Regiment, (if not on Duty elsewhere) where there are no Objections to Women, if Conveniency (which if Inclinations suit can never be wanting) and Circumstances can bear it. His chief Business is in the Field, when the chaste Wife may employ herself as she sees necessary ; we allow all Liberties not having the least Occasion to be uneasy ; our Fraternity being Gentlemen, and of *Honour*, among whom, Modesty and Good Behaviour commands its due Deference. If, on the other hand, a Woman of Gallantry comes among us, she'll too meet with what she would be at ; and the Husband, tho' he knows it, is never uneasy about her, or at Variance with his Friends, being conscious, she must have given room for such Treatment ; and therefore, holding her in contempt, does not think her worthy his Anxiety. Now I should imagine this Liberty (so natural to *English* Women) the more eligible ; and would you, Madam, argue against that Liberty, you seem so strenuous to support ? If so, your Arguments against Popery, as they are not true, must seem insincere. Would you fly that Religion, and pursue ours, for *a Benefit of Clergy* ? When the Clergy of that Church don't imagine themselves under those Limitations you apprehend they do ; and ours are expressly commanded to be *the Husband of but one Wife*, each ; and, in case of the Death

of

of that Wife, in strickness they should not even marry again; but they sometimes strain a *Point*.

Can you once think, that the Men that fly *Denmark* with such Disgust, can leave a fine Girl between fifteen and five and twenty, (when Blood's warm, Eyes sparkling, Looks engaging, Fancy in full Strength, Breast heaving, Soul full with Desire, and susceptible of Love) with nothing to assuage the natural bursting Flame, but a large Heap of false Doctrine, or a Litany; and that in an unintelligible Language? Doubtless, he sometimes makes her sensible of the *Naked Truth*, and that exquisitely adapted to her Capacity; tho' they wrap up their Religion mysteriously, they love a plain, easy, comprehensive Way.

You except against a Nunnery, as a strange Confinement; and the Veil, as a cruel barbarous Custom. Pray, what is that Reservedness the Clergyman's Wife puts on because the Bishop's Lady does, as necessary to that Character? That is not a slight Strip of Taffety, or Muslin, that every Breath of Air is a sufficient Excuse for removing; no, 'tis a Restraint, and permanent. These Severities (as you think them) are none of the great Mischiefs that attend Popery, (from which *L--d* defend us.)

But those Wenches, who seem to have an impatient Desire to be *Priest-ridden*, rather than pay their Debts of *Honour* to the Soldier, cannot have *true Hearts and sound Bottoms*; so I wish them a speedy Transportation into some Popish Country, there to enjoy the *Benefit of Clergy*, till glutted with Satiety; and when Reflection comes strong upon them, that they may be confined to a Nunnery in its most terrible Severity, as the *Brothel* wherein they were debauched, with a String of Beads to innumerate their Sins upon, and a Veil over them, to prevent other Objects taking place, and giving them the least Relief, are the sincere Wishes of,

M A D A M,

Your Humble Servant,

WILL. WATTLE.

